THE SUBSTITUTE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Daniel," "Westerfelt," &c.

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it were my money I would, but it is yours."

want that an' nothin' else."

body to come help 'im turn loose."

arm was a tattered Confederate flag.

rail at that."

cape."

the office and stood towering over the stove.

"Well, yo're welcome to a fool's advice," put in Kenner

year, an' you'll hit the ceilin' in this thing if you don't git

"George." I am simply asking you for yore judgment.

"Well, there is nothing else for me to do but give it, then,"

as he slapped Kenner on the shoulder. "You cayn't scare

"Yes," retorted the cotton-buyer, "an' George will be like

Hillyer's face was beaming; he sat down at his desk, and

taking up a telegraph blank, he began to write. Kenner

pointed to him as he touched George on the arm. "Got

back his senses at last," he laughed; 'he's goin' to take that

"Goodale & Banks, Nashville, offered me ten thousand

bushels by this mornin's wire at a dollar five a bushel," he

Kenner whistled softly, growled out something to himself,

and went out of the room. Hanks turned from the window

and leaned on George's desk. "Do you reckon yo're safe on

that?" he asked, and when George replied in the affirmative

he said, slowly: "By gum! you make me want to risk a

little myse'f. Somehow it seems to me you could turn the

thing yore way, jest with that dern steady eye o' yore'n

One morning, a few days later, Bascom Truitt came down

the main street of Darley wearing a long, dingy overcoat

and blowing a roll-call on an old army bugle. Under his

"What's up to-day?" Kenner asked him as he came into

"Nothin' but a meetin' o' the veterans of our camp-the

Joseph E. Johnston, sir. I'm goin' up now to stick the flag

on the gate at the court-house. We intend to see about

who's goin' to the reunion in Atlanta next spring; thar's a

sight o' the boys that want to go, but cayn't raise the

women folks go naked this winter. Thar was a damn lie

afloat in the newspapers awhile back that some nigger went

off after the war an' got rich an' come back home jest in

to a reunion. Ef thar was a man in our camp that ud

"Oh, come off, Bas," Kenner laughed, as he looked around at George and Hillyer at their desks. "That's a old Yankee army overgoat you got on right now. You've

had it dyed with logwood, but I'd know it by that long

"Yes, that's what it is," admitted Truitt, sheepishly.

go that away, we'd send 'im in tar an' feathers, an' on t

esks, an' it'll be fun to watch youuns tussle with it."

"I'm goin' to nab it 'fore Tarbell & Co. find out whar

his deed he resolves to save a man as a substitute for a more successful succ

A Story-Telling Crowd.

· HE next morning the open space at the side of the warehouse was filled with mountain wagons. Those out while you got a chance. Why, Mr. Hillyer, anybody can which contained chestnuts, ginseng, fruit, chickens, butter or smoke-cured bacon had white canvas covers over them; the others were cotton wagons, upon which the abundant, and little of the product had been stained in said Buckley. "If it were my investment I'd hold on." the bolk, for the ripening period had been dry and blessed "Thar, thar, you old skinflint," cried Hillyer, triumphantly

Two citizens of Darley made the warehouse their busi- that boy to death; he's got grit; he'll hold on till it thunss headquarters, using the desks without pay. Henry ders." Hanks, a tall, lank, married man about fifty-five years of age, had a desk in one corner of the office. He wore a the little boy a hold o' the calf—he'll be yellin' fer somelong brown beard, was dyspeptic, yellow-skinned and nervous. He was a Confederate veteran, who had, after the war, developed a surprising capacity for making money out of the unfortunate section he had bravely fought for. He was a well-to-do note-shaver, and sold farmers their yearly sup-plies at an enormous profit. Anything from a cooking stove to a yoke of oxen was considered good security when once described in the "iron-clad" mortgage note of which he was the inventor. He never wore a vest, and the pockets of his thin coat were always bulging with notes and accounts which he carried on his person to have them ready at a moment's notice when he ran across a delinquent. The other citizen was Jim Kenner, a jovial cotton-buyer, a bachelor about forty-five years of age, who was the very life of the little circle. When he had business to transact he could be as long-faced and serious as any one else, but ven then his humor was apt to bubble up and burst at the very moment no one was expecting it. His chief amuse-ment was in teasing Henks, whom he saroastically called "Old Liberality," or "Lib" for short. Kenner was telling

"You know my daddy sold a little farm o' his when I was twenty-one an' set me up in the retail grocery business. He talked to me so much about the dead beats lyin' in wait fer suckers that I suspicioned even the preacher whar I attended meetin'. Thar was a young storekeeper next door to me, Joe Gibbs, as sharp as a brier. He could multiply four figures by four figures in his head an' give you the answer in a minute. He used to tell me who would do to credit an' who wouldn't, an' I always relied on his judgment. But one day an Irishman, Mike McGoodle, that had a job as switchman on the W. and A., come in an' wanted to open an account an' git his supplies by the month. He said my goods was newer an' fresher'n Fincher's, whar he'd been tradin', an' as that was so I gladly tuck 'im in. He paid up all right fer the fust three months, but one pay day he come up missin', an' that sorter worried me, so I went in to Joe Gibbs's store an' called time to buy his old master a suit o' clothes an' pay his way 'im to one side. 'I want to know, Joe,' said I, 'ef Mike Mc-Goodle is easy to make mad.'

"Who? says Joe.
"'Mike McGoodle,' says I, 'the switchman on the W.

"'Well, what you want to know that fer?' says Joe. 'Beca'se,' says I, 'he's owin' me fer a month's supplies an' I reckon he's fergot it; you see, he's sech a good customer

""Becairs any a l'heè owit me fer a mouth's supplies.

"Be l'est any a l'heè owit me fer a mouth's supplies.

"The topked might quar about the eyes fer a minute, an kept gittin redder an redder like he wanted to laugh, but he seed to good could be a seed own on a tater harrel, an' then all o' a sudden he aredder.

"But and a seed to be a sudden he aredder and a sudden he aredder and a sudden he aredder.

"But and a supplies a sudden he aredder.

"But and a supplies a sudden he aredder.

"But and a supplies a sudden he aredder.

"An' then loe busted out laughin, with his big yaller head twenty and the sudden he aredder.

"An' then loe busted out laughin, with his big yaller head twenty and the sudden he aredder. "An' then loe busted out laughin, with his big yaller head twenty and the sudden he are supplied twenty has been a supplied twenty has been a supplied to the sudden he are subject to the sudden he sudden he sudden he are subject to the sudden he su

o' this, a sack o' that, a case o' this, an' so on, down about

a foot o' writin' paper. 'Must be goin' 46 open a store, Mike?' said I. 'No,' says 'The I'm after is the reduction, that's all-jest the

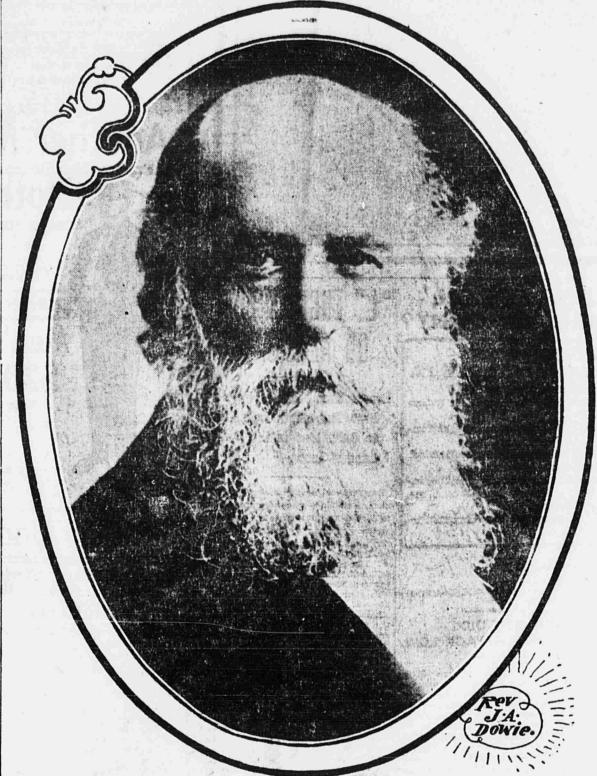
" 'Got the cash?' said I.

"'Cash?' says he.
"'Yes,' says I. 'Didn't I tell you my new scheme was to sell fer spot cash? I couldn't do a wholesale business on a credit, Mike, says Is 'Why, you know that.'

Co. offer a dollar five a bushel fer our entire lot o' wheat," said. "What's your judgment, George-is it sell or no:

ELIJAH IS COMING TO SAVE NEW YORK, KEPT HER VOW 78 YEARS

John Alexander Dowie, the Chicago Prophet, Who Is Worth \$15,000.000.



THE STORY OF ZION'S GREAT PROPHET. Told by NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH,

—is coming here to convert New he founded, a thriving manufacturing town, with a lace plant imported bodily He calls himself Elijah.

religion all his own. He founded the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah and himself in Chicago, the

religion and the religion founded the a divine healer and restorer.

Dowie calls himself Founder

pitched his tent opposite the Sixty-third street entrance of the World's Fair, at

In nine years Dowie has risen from ing to the leisurely opulence that be-longs to the head of Zion. In that time he has established himself as prophet name of old, who was fed by ravens, house on Michigan avenue, Chicago, and in being a multimilitionaire.

A \$50,000 summer cottage on Lake Michiefforts to make converts have not been gan. He has declared himself to be the unrewarded. But having established

Dowie calls himself Founder and General Overseer of the Catholic Church in Zion, Reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, Restorer and Messenger of the

He claims to speak by inspiration and his followers accept his utterances as divine messages. They hold also that: Disease can only be cured by prayer

Amusements.

he devotes them collectively and indi-vidually to "fire! fire!" In appearance Dowie is tall and large

He is six feet high and weighs 180 pounds. His hair and beard are grizzled, almost white, and he has a high, Granddaughter of Horace Greeley. of 150,000 people who give him one-thin, rather disagreeable voice. His gententh—the Bible tithe—of their weekly tures are many and violent, in keeping earnings, and has made Zion City, which with his wholly unrestrained speech. he founded, a thriving manufacturing The cream of his followers, personally town, with a lace plant imported bodily selected by the prophet, is coming to He calls himself Elijah.

from Nottingham, Eng., at a cost of New York to proselyte. For several over \$1,000,000. He has acquired a town months advance members of Zion have been at work in the Bronx, and their

the devil." And the term devil includes newspapers, secret societies, tobacco, al-cohol, doctors, druggists and the habit

The calims to speak by inspiration and he calims to speak by inspiration and he chicked and the throught and the state and the s

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Mary Ann Terhune

For Three-Quarters of much. But she told her father and mother that to treasure the young doc-Who Was to Have to discuss it before her.
When any one ventures to ask her When She Was 20.

IN a tiny garden at the rear of No. 25 almost sightless eyes and shakes he Ward street, Orange, N. J., where she head. lives with her niece. Mrs. Harvey Green, a little, bent old lady of ninetythree sits all day nodding in the sunlight, heedless of human interruption, to hear him "expound the Ten Com- tricksters, and in his speeches to Zion, but keenly interested in the growing things about her.

seventy-four years ago, when she was a stalwart country girl, blooming as the flowers which now surround her, lost her flance, a young physician of New Brunswick, and registered a solemn vow that she would never speak to any man save those in her immediate family and that she would never

To register such a vow is common to vomen in the first bewilderment of dren grew up, Mary Ann-that is what

tention.

Dowie is fifty-seven years old. He has a wife and two children, a son and a daughter.

Dowie calls himself the "fighter of the devil." And the term devil includes make came to her as a tradition from newsments search societies tobacco. Selection of the devil." her own mother, and the old lady herlover for the last time has never allowed his name to pass her lips. Brought up on a farm near Dayton,

she met the young New Brunswick physician in the first summer after his graduation, and they fell in love.

A day had been set for the wedding and every article of the bridal trousseau purchased, when without warning the young man was stricken with typhoid fever and died within a few hours of

the time appointed for the ceremony. Mary Ann Terhune took her grief quietly. She did not shrick or have

a Century Mary Ann tor's memory would be the only purpose of her life; that she had no wish to look Terhune Has Been upon other men, and that she would die unmarried. After that she never spoke Loyal to the Lover of her bereavement nor allowed any one

Made Her a Bride about the romance of her youth the little old lady, sitting among the flamthe sunsets of the long dead years seem to be imprisoned, turns her gentle,

> Mrs. Green, the niece with whom she has lived for the last sixteen years, says that when pressed, the old lady denies any memory of her early disap-Green, in telling an Evening World re porter of her great-aunt's fidelity to her youthful lover, assured him that Miss Terhune's deafness, which has grown upon her in recent years, is al ways most pronounced when the sub

ject is introduced.
"For a long time after the young man died," said Miss Green, "my aunt, who had sworn never to marry. bridal trousseau intact. But gradually as her sisters married and their call of Zion have have many and their have not been as established "prophet for places her apart from her kind."

It all happened so long ago that the was that to do seence and attention of the young man whose death name young when mother was eighteen.

one evening when mother wanted to go to a dance with a young man of whom Mary Ann did not approve, she took the dress away from her and locked it up. And only after waiting till the old lady had gone to bed, and finding another key to the closet where it was concealed, did my mother get it and go to the party.

"Until sixteen years ago, when she came to live with us, Mary Ann did regular man's work on the farm. She chopped wood and hauled logs and was very proud of her capacity to do rough work.

"There since her flance's death has she gone out with a man or spoken any except strictly necessary words to one.

"She cultivated the flowers in our little garden herself, and she seems to love to sit and watch them grow. She has never had a serious illness in her life, and our doctor says that she has the most remarkable heart and lungs of any woman of her age he ever saw.

"She will be ninety-four next Sep-

"She will be ninety-four next Sep-tember, and we are going to have a great celebration on her birthday."

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natural phenomena. Thunder, for instance, is 'the sky crying.' They believe that in the realms above is a horrible giant, whose wife has a violent and uncertain temper. When they quarrel the echo of his voice comes in long, rolling notes rom the clouds. If he is very engry he throws his hatchet "He didn't say nothin'. He looked so set back that I at his unruly spouse, and when the ponderous weapon strikes derned of I wasn't sorry fer 'im. He give me one the fleer of heaven the thunderbolt falls through and comes to earth. Falling stars are accounted for by the fact that the turned an' walked right out o' the store. But you bet I angels occasionally indulge in toren throwing at one sucher When these same beings all insist upon getting into the bath time I pased 'im. That reminds me or the time—out, bottom is a signt o' cotton 'fore sundown; it's rollin' in like a circus have lest their way in their travels to the 'and beyon' be grave. When a Siamese dies he is not buried, but his corpus. fully dressed and then wrapped in a winding sheet, is placed in a sitting pasture in a copper urn. A tube is placed in his meuth, and through this a mixture of quicksilver and honey is poured into the body. In this way it is kept for a long time, often for years. Egentually it is burned, and the ashes there apour

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